SALLIE'S BOY.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

Author of "Dora Coyne," "Lindeman Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"O SORROW, CRUEL FELLOWSHIP."

THE day after Hubert's sudden coming and going, Sallie went about her duties in a mechanical way, scarce knowing whether she were fully awake, or whether it had been a dream. Again and again that day she asked herself, "Was it true?" "I cannot realise this." "What is it that has happened?" But more clear conviction came to her in the evening, when, glancing absently over a newspaper which some neighbour had sent in, she saw the announcement of "another tragedy at Monte Carlo." With straining eyes and sickening heart she read the story. A Russian nobleman had been haunting the place for many months; had seemed to turn all he touched to gold; had never been known to lose a cent; always won, and his winnings, added to his fortune, made him envied of all. There had come to Monte Carlo betimes two English gentlemen, who had contracted a more than ordinary acquaintance with the Russian noble; and it had been observed that their luck, which before the acquaintance was fluctuating, became assured enough to provoke comment. Indeed, some harsh and

"Nothing can make any difference between us two."

ugly remarks began to be made regarding the Russian's unvarying successes; and his English friends shared the public criticism. "A few days ago," the paper went on to state, "one of the Englishmen paid a visit to Monte Carlo, bringing with him a Frenchman possessed of plenty of money. How what next took place came about is not very clear; but the results were plain enough. The Frenchman was ruined, the Russian lost heavily, the Englishmen won fortunes. Quarrelling ensued, shots were fired—by whom no man can tell, for the affair took place at the Baron's private rooms. He was found dead, the Frenchman lies desperately wounded, and the two Englishmen have disappeared with the money! An attendant swears that the revolver which was found on the spot belonged to the Russ. Another says he overheard an Englishman shout, 'I'll shoot you if you say that again, you swindling wolf.' The tragedy must have been enacted some hours before any alarm was raised, which enabled the more fortunate couple to make good their escape; and as neither of them was known in Monaco, it is not likely that they can be traced. Not much concern is evinced regarding the Russ, who seems to have no friends, and was certainly regarded with the utmost suspicion. The truth of the whole horrible story will only be known if the unfortunate Frenchman recovers and reveals it."

Sallie Holmes, reading that awful tale, could have put a clue into men's hands, we know. She read it over and over, till every word was burned into her brain; then, suddenly her thoughts leapt from Hubert and the crime in which he was implicated—which he had almost confessed to having committed—to Madame Dubourg!

"Oh, has she heard? does she know?" Sallie asked herself; and she got up, and paced the room in feverish doubt as to what she ought to do. "Must I go and tell her, if she has not heard? The paper gives no names except that of the Baron, and perhaps M. Dubourg is not known; none may know where he comes from, and he may die there, and his wife waiting, expecting him here. What shall I do? What shall I do? If I go to her, she will ask if I have heard from Hubert, if he has been here, if I know where he is. She will tell others, of course, that these two went from here together, and then it will be easy for the authorities to get a clue. Perhaps they will come and question me. Oh, this is torture. Yet—yet, I must go to Madame Dubourg. Dear, good creature! She has been good to us. I cannot leave her—I could not leave any woman alive ignorant that her husband lay in such a plight, needing her, perhaps dying. God protect my husband, but I must go to her."

Sallie got up, and staggered to her bedroom, intending to find bonnet and cloak, and to go to Madame; but her strength gave way, and, uttering a piteous scream like the cry of some wild creature caught in a trap, she fell writhing on the ground.

The good folks of the house came running to her aid, and a doctor was brought, and Sallie was cared for; but she was scarcely conscious of what was being done. It was not till a powerful opiate was administered that her overtaxed body and mind ceased to struggle; but under the influence of the drug she lay quiet, and forgot the horrible tragedy in which she was involved.

She lay for a couple of days weak and confused; but as memory returned, she became restless, and eager to be up.

"Has any one been here—any friend, asking for—me?" she inquired.

No! nobody had called; but there were letters for her; letters from Oaklea, from Ben, from Hubert.

Eagerly she opened her husband's two brief notes. The first gave no address, and was merely a few lines to reassure her on his account. He wrote: "I fear I startled you, darling, very much, and perhaps led you to think the very worst. Heaven knows I feel my own sin deeply enough; but judge me gently till I can tell you all."

The second note had evidently been written when he was in a calmer state, and more hopeful. He gave an address, and said he was sure that there was not going to be any further trouble, and that she might make her preparations for joining him when she pleased, only she need not tell folks where she was going; indeed it might be better to let it appear that she would return, yes, by all means, leave things in her rooms, and come as for a brief visit. Later they could return together, and pack, before setting their faces towards home!

There was something extremely perplexing in what he said, and yet it was hope-inspiring too; but Sallie could not determine what she should do until she had seen Madame Dubourg. *That* she was sure must be done; so after reading Ben's ocean-letter, and drinking some strong coffee, she dressed, ordered a vehicle, and in spite of feminine and medical protest departed for Madame's establishment.

There were only domestics there, and in answer to Sallie's question a maid said that Madame had received bad news, the master had been hurt, was ill, very ill, and madame and the young ladies had gone at once. It was very sad and unexpected. Madame was in the greatest grief. No, she had not left any message for anyone, and she had given no address; all had been so hurried, everyone so afflicted, so unprepared; but without doubt Madame would write to her friends, and to her devoted servants soon.

That was all Sallie learned, and she asked no further questions. I think she may have been a little relieved that she had not been called upon to be the bearer of evil tidings. Indeed, I am sure she was in a sense pleased that the dreaded interview with her friend had not taken place after all, for when she got back to her own room Sallie laid her head quietly on the pillow and murmured, "I have not sufficiently fortified myself with the knowledge that there is a burden-Bearer for me. He took that bit of my burden from me. He will take it all, bit by bit, if I just trust and wait." A feeling of intense peace came over her spirit then, and she realised in all its sweetness and fullness that peace which passeth understanding, which can be enjoyed at the very moment when waves encompass and the voice of many waters is loud, which seems to lift the soul possessed by it into a haven of rest. Peace of God! It is well to be sometimes tossed about amid the storms of life for the sake of knowing *how* sweet is that heaven-sent peace!

Sallie wrote at once to Hubert, telling him she had been ill, but was better, and meant to join him as soon as possible. As her pupils knew she had been poorly, and her appearance plainly showed it, they were not surprised at the announcement she afterwards made to them of the necessity there was that she should go away for a little. They were glad she was to have a little holiday. They hoped she would return stronger, etc.

Then she hesitatingly said she thought it likely that she would not be staying much longer in that city, that when she returned it might be for only a short time. She had always let it be known that her home was in England, and that she might go there any time; therefore no one was surprised at what she said; no one thought there was anything the least peculiar about the matter; but all expressed regret at the prospect of losing her society.

She made a second call at Madame Dubourg's, only to be told much the same as before, with a small addition. A telegram had been received "from Madame at Nice" which said, "master better, I will write to you presently."

That little message which the wondering, expectant servants considered so meagre, contained a great deal of comfort for Mrs. Holmes, who set out to join the Squire in a much more happy state of mind than if there had been no telegram.

She did not have to take a very long journey—only a few hours by train, but during that time Sallie's mind was curiously employed. She was going over all the incidents in her maiden life wherein Hubert had had part, and she was trying to find out whether he had changed, or she had changed, or how it had come about that the image shrined in her inmost heart as the ideal of her youth, was so different from the man she was going to meet. That she had loved him since she entered her teens, first with a shy, simple, childlike love, afterwards with all the devotion and self-surrender of tender womanhood, she knew; and that her love had never swerved, never been less, but always more, she also knew.

And Hubert's affection for her—was there any change in it? No! Sallie was gladly sure on that point. He had always been just the same, gentle, fond, admiring, deferential; needing her affection; claiming it; trusting to it, but giving up no morsel of his own wishes for her pleasure, never once seeming to think that her happiness might not always lie in yielding to the power of his self-will.

Certainly love stood just where it had been all the time on both sides, so love was not to blame for the difference between the maiden's ideal and the woman's husband.

Sallie sighed frequently while questioning herself, and even tried to blame herself for the "marred image" that so woefully fell short of what it had been "or, was I not blind then? Ah, I fear I did not look beneath the surface—if I had I should have found the small beginnings of what has become so serious since. The little sins of youth seem such trifles, but how they grow! and what evil fruit they bear! Poor Hubert! I wish I could have remained blind! but since that was impossible, I must hope on, and trust God to eradicate what I have been powerless to destroy."

CHAPTER XIV.

"A TIME TO SICKEN AND TO SWOON."

HUBERT was at the station to meet her, and his white haggard face lit up at sight of her. He had been longing with an intensity never experienced before for her presence, her comfort, her help.

It was true—happily true—that the fearful catastrophe which had occurred had startled his selfish soul at last, and he realised the sinfulness of a gambler's career in all its force. The revelation was one of horror, and Hubert felt that if Sallie did not come to him he must die of remorse and despair.

Her heart would have been greatly lightened if she could have read the full meaning of the delighted gaze he cast on her as he grasped her hands and helped her from the carriage. He took her to a quiet lodging he had hired in a pleasant suburb, and attended upon her with the most lover-like solicitude; calling her by all the sweetest names love could prompt, and striving in every possible way to show his wife how much he needed her, and how sincere were his regrets for the pain he had caused her.

It was not long before the subject engrossing the minds of both came under discussion, and Sallie was the first to start it; for she fancied Hubert wished her to speak, and she was right.

"I saw a newspaper relating the—the terrible thing that happened at Monte Carlo," she said, in low and broken tones, to which the Squire answered, with a shudder—

"I supposed you would. It was awful."

"Poor Madam Dubourg has gone to her husband."

"Yes, I know. He was not so badly hurt as at first supposed; he is recovering, thank God."

"Oh, Hubert, I am so thankful to hear that. I thought it unlike you to leave your friend if he were dangerously ill, or in danger of any kind."

"I certainly would not have left him, but the best thing I could do for *him*, as well as for myself, was to bolt from the place in the way I did."

"I am glad of that," said Sallie, and then there was a long silence which eventually Hubert broke. He came and sat down on the couch beside her, and taking her hand said in humble tones, very unlike his usual way:

"How good you are, sweet! I wish with all my soul that I could tell you *everything*. But I am not free to do so. Others are involved. Still, I want to tell you as much as possible."

She put her arms round him, she was the stronger of the two then, and she answered, "Say what you will, nothing can make any difference between us two."

"Thank you. Will you be satisfied then, if I just assure you that a part of the fortune I won was won fairly at the public tables; fairly by using ingenious methods of calculation, and by the chance of the game?"

"I believe you, of course."

"Regarding the rest—the larger sum, I won it from a rogue by discovering his infamous dodges, and turning them against himself. It was money he had won by swindling, and there is no one who will suffer through his losses at his death. The money is better in my hands. It did no good with him, but with us, Sallie, it shall restore us our home."

"And what of M. Dubourg?" Sallie asked without taking notice of his last words, though they thrilled through her heart.

"What of Dubourg? Oh, he was quite reckless and foolish. He *would* go on, long after I warned him to stop, and in consequence he lost heavily."

"Is it a loss that his family will feel, I mean in their way of living?"

"Yes—oh yes! In truth Dubourg is considerably—I may say at once—he's ruined!"

"Ruined! and ill, hurt! oh, Hubert!"

"He has himself to blame. He was no expert at the game. He had been there only a few times, and had never gone in for heavy stakes. He had merely put down small sums for amusement, and watched the play of others. That's the way numbers begin. That's how I began myself, and if I had not been a selfish brute I'd have remembered that, and taken him away."

"Had M. Dubourg been to Monte Carlo before going with you, Hubert?"

"No," and the Squire moved uneasily as Sallie's clear eyes rested on his face while she put the question. "I know what you are thinking," he added, in a low voice. "I took him there in the first place. I induced him to be my companion on subsequent occasions. I am responsible for what has happened."

The wife said nothing. Conscience, she felt, was a better

monitor than she; but though Sallie made no reply in words, the touch of her caressing fingers, the pity and tenderness in her expression, helped him more.

"I can't exonerate myself from blame," he went on more manfully, "all the more that the—the worst part of the whole affair happened not at the public rooms, but at the apartments of the Baron. I told you—perhaps you remember—that I had made a friend who had put me up to certain dodges and ways of calculating so as to bet with certainty of success up to a certain point? That 'friend' was the Baron, and at first I saw nothing wrong in his ways of winning. These, as far as he explained them to me, seemed quite fair, and the result of careful and clever calculations. I acted on his teaching, and I won too."

"Dubourg and I talked often of the Baron, and I expressed the greatest admiration for his talents, his mathematical genius, which enabled him to make a science of gambling, and Dubourg accepted my belief."

"But, Hubert, I thought you said you had discovered the Baron's dodges?"

"Not till later—not till the last. One evening I was talking of Dubourg to the Baron, and I mentioned his admiration, like my own, of the Russian's ability. The rascal leered at me knowingly, and answered that I should make a capital decoy. I pretended not to comprehend his broken English; but I believe he took for granted that an 'understanding' was established, for he next said I had better bring my French friend along to his apartments next evening 'for a quiet game, when some *pretty play* might be made to advantage.' My first impulse was to decline, but on consideration I thought I would meet treachery with treachery. I would treat the Baron to a piece of his own knavery. He had let me into some of the secrets of his 'method' (I plainly saw then) that I might become his tool, and I determined he should smart for it. My worst suspicions were confirmed when, after accepting his invitation for myself and Dubourg, he proceeded to reveal some of his dodges, which carried one beyond the pale of calculation, method, chance, honesty. I was not sure how far Dubourg would lend himself to my scheme, so I did not tell him my convictions. I merely warned him not to play against the Baron on any consideration. The invitation was readily accepted, and I thought I should be able to explain to my friend's satisfaction afterwards. I had no fears for him after he had pledged himself to abstain from playing against our host. There was with our host, when we arrived, a young Englishman whom I had seen at the public tables a good many times. He was a frank young fellow, with a candid expression and gay manner that I liked. He usually had a run of good luck, but was always so careless about his winnings, so eager to give the loser a chance of retrieving, so kind-hearted and merry, that no one grudged him his success. I very much feared the Baron meant to make a second pigeon of Smithers, and that made me more determined than ever to punish the scamp. I need not try to explain to you, Sallie, how things were arranged and went on. It will be enough to tell you that when we set to play, Dubourg was against the young Englishman, and I against the Baron. Dubourg, acting on my caution, had laughingly declared that he would not play against our host until he had taken lessons in the science of chance and coincidence. 'Holmes has benefited by *his* lessons,' said the Baron. 'He is my match now, and something over too.' And in proof of his words he let me win largely."

"*Let* you win, Hubert?" Sallie asked, wonderingly.

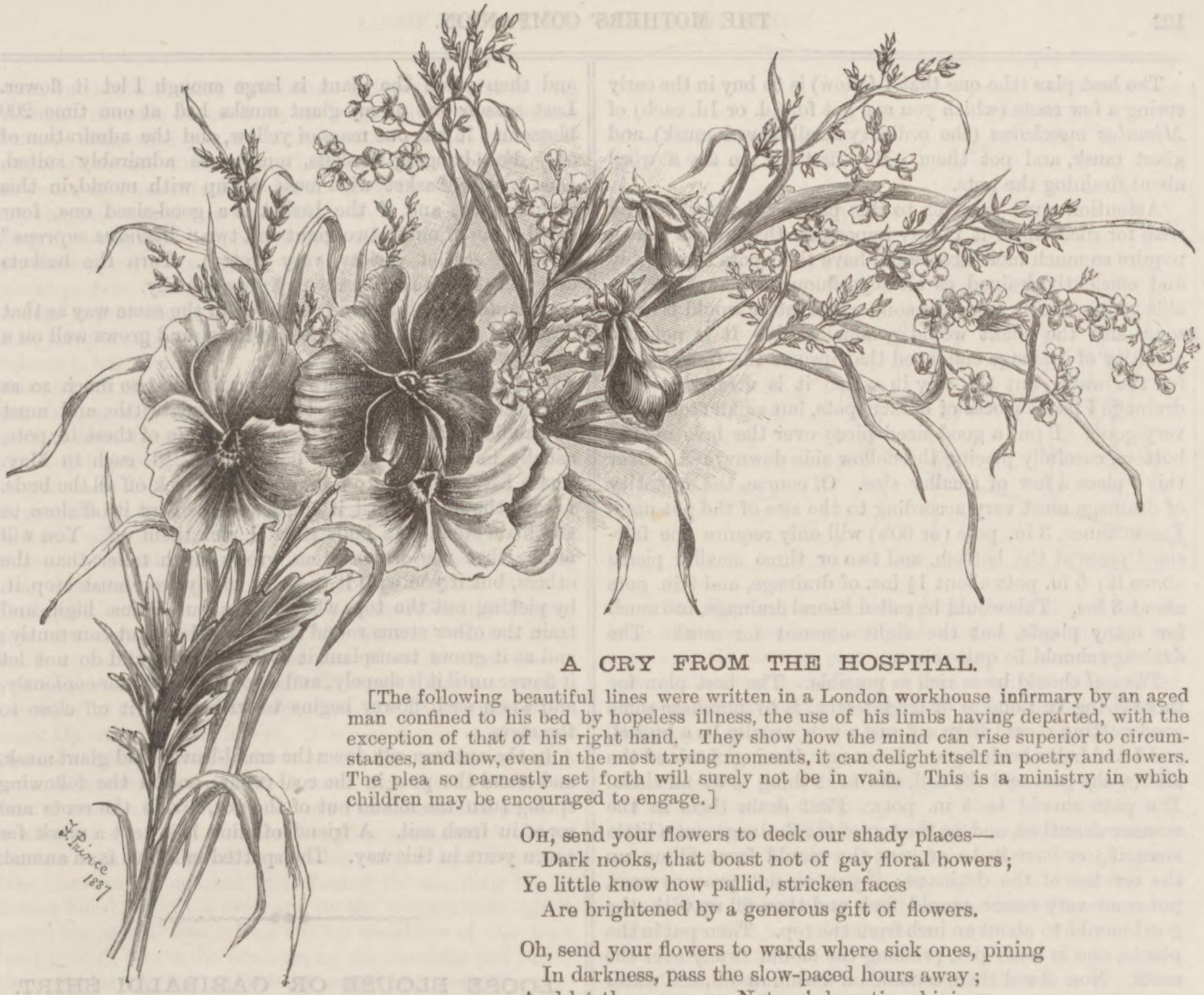
"Yes; for he played by cheating as a rule, I then knew, and could easily have ruined me if I had been worth his while to ruin. But I wasn't. I was more useful as a decoy! So the pile of money at his elbow grew less, and the pile at mine more. Then bills were ostentatiously produced and handed over, and the Baron pretended to become more grave and anxious every moment, while I was as plainly and more truthfully exultant. Once I said to him, 'Shall we stop now? This has gone as far as I care for.' But he answered with a glance, whose meaning I ignored, 'No! no! You must give me my revenge. You know my theory of the effect of time on chance. My turn comes at a certain point.' He spoke loudly, evidently to draw the attention of the others, and I observed that Dubourg looked across at us, and seemed encouraged by the Baron's words. I had not been taking note of the other two, beyond observing that they were winning and losing by turns, though on the whole Smithers was the gainer. I did not much concern myself about them, to be honest, and I thought I was doing both a service, by keeping them out of our host's hands; but I wondered how long he would let me do so, and how it would end when he found I was anything but his confederate. At a pause in my game, the Baron looked across at the others, shook his head playfully, and remarked, 'Ah, those English brains! We are nowhere in the running when an *Englishman* makes up his mind that he *will* win.' Smithers laughed and answered, 'I don't know that it is *brains* does it, but certainly we islanders don't often cave in to Frank or Russ. We hold our own, eh, Mr. Holmes?' You know Dubourg's weakness, Sallie—French of the French—his national vanity was up in arms at once. He got more and more excited; swore he would not stop. He drank largely, played recklessly, and still our host's insinuations goaded him on and on—goaded me too, but that gave the Baron little concern, as he looked upon *my* game as a mere farce. At last it ended in a wholly unlooked for manner. I just heard Smithers say in a cold sort of tone, quite unlike his ordinary careless way, 'We must stop then, monsieur, since you have nothing more to stake.' Next moment I heard Dubourg cry out fiercely, 'You are a set of rogues, swindlers,'—— Sallie—that's all I can tell you—at present—all."

"Oh, Hubert!" was all she said; and then he leaned his head on her shoulder, and both were long silent.

(To be continued.)

GIVE TO-DAY A CHANCE.

In winter there are no roses blooming in the deserted, wind-swept, snow-covered garden. Nor in summer do crystal snows fly fair. Each season has its own work, its own beauty, and by hands of another season this work cannot be done; this beauty cannot be breathed. And so of man's life. Each day has its duty, its own smile, its own tear, its own heart-throb. If only it be lived in for itself, life would be fuller and richer in everything; and the clusters of blessedness hanging from the boughs of each day would proclaim life's every season to have wrought well, and to deserve well for what lies before. Alas! that we let the burdening to-morrows crush the energy and strength out of to-day, so that its work is undone or marringly done. Give your to-day a chance, my brother. Give it only its own work to do, and evening will find you laughing over the beauty and faithfulness that smiles up to you from the well-done duties; and the eternal to-morrow will meet you with kisses of tenderness, not with wounding blows.—*Thought-Etchings.*



A CRY FROM THE HOSPITAL.

[The following beautiful lines were written in a London workhouse infirmary by an aged man confined to his bed by hopeless illness, the use of his limbs having departed, with the exception of that of his right hand. They show how the mind can rise superior to circumstances, and how, even in the most trying moments, it can delight itself in poetry and flowers. The plea so earnestly set forth will surely not be in vain. This is a ministry in which children may be encouraged to engage.]

Oh, send your flowers to deck our shady places—
Dark nooks, that boast not of gay floral bowers;
Ye little know how pallid, stricken faces
Are brightened by a generous gift of flowers.

Oh, send your flowers to wards where sick ones, pining
In darkness, pass the slow-paced hours away;
And let them gaze on Nature's beauties shining
In tinted splendour's fragrant, sweet array.

Pansy, and pink, and wall-flowers brought so near us,
Lily, and fern, meek-eyed forget-me-nots,
Ye have a power to soothe, divert and cheer us,
When human solace fails, sweet antidotes!

Yon dying girl's sad, drooping heart rejoices,
And penitential tear-drops freely come;
Those flowers recall dear, loved, familiar voices
That once did greet her in her childhood's home.

Sweet joys of heaven spring radiantly before her,
And prayers she learned beside her mother's knee
She lisps again, as death's cold dews steal o'er her,
Then passes to a bright eternity.

Oh, send your flowers, your gardens' sunny treasures,
Cull more, yet more, to gladden sorrow's eye.
"Ye do it unto Me," saith One who measures
Rich gifts to those who stay the rising sigh.

MUSKS FOR A NORTH ASPECT.

BY BELLA JOHNSON.

Musk is an almost universal favourite with every lover of flowers. Its sweet and delicate perfume has endeared it to amateur and cottage gardeners alike. A single plant will fill a room with a sweet, yet not powerful perfume. It is perfectly at home in the garden, and also in a shady corner of the greenhouse, but it does equally well, with care, on a shady window-sill. But there are other varieties besides the one alluded to (*Mimulus moschatus*), and if they have not its fragrance they make up for it in bearing larger and much more brilliant flowers.

They love moisture and shade; therefore they will grow and flourish well in a north aspect. I have many times heard the complaint, that "nothing will grow in my window, as the aspect is north." Now, this is a mistake, for our house faces north, and not a window in the road is as pretty. One summer we had thirty different kinds of flowers, and they were all grown in one window—that is to say, they were bought when quite young plants, transplanted into larger pots, and put in the window. But musks flourish well, and are very easy to cultivate, requiring a little attention every morning, and in the hot weather morning and evening.

The best plan (the one that I follow) is to buy in the early spring a few roots (which you can get for ½d. or 1d. each) of *Mimulus moschatus* (the ordinary small-leaved musk) and giant musk, and pot them. But first let me say a word about draining the pots.

Attention must be given to this part of the work, if you wish for success, for it is very important that musks which require so much moisture should have their pots thoroughly and efficiently drained, as all superfluous water should be able to pass freely from the soil, or the latter would become sour, and the plant would gradually die. It is not the quantity of drainage employed that insures the free passage for the water, but the way in which it is arranged. The drainage I use is pieces of broken pots, but small stones are very good. I put a good-sized piece over the hole at the bottom, carefully placing the hollow side downwards. Over this I place a few of smaller size. Of course, the quantity of drainage must vary according to the size of the pot used. For instance, 3 in. pots (or 60's) will only require one fair-sized piece at the bottom, and two or three smaller pieces above it; 5 in. pots about 1½ ins. of drainage, and 9 in. pots about 3 ins. This would be called liberal drainage, too much for many plants, but the right amount for musk. The drainage should be quite clean.

The soil should be as rich as possible. The best plan for those living in London or large towns, is to purchase some good potting mould from a florist; it is usually 1s. a bushel, and I find half a bushel goes a long way. Having obtained the plants, the pots and the soil, the next thing is to fill them. The pots should be 5 in. pots. First drain them in the manner described, and on the top of the drainage put a little moss, if you have it, to prevent the mould from filling up the crevices of the drainage: if you cannot procure moss, put some very coarse mould first, and then fill up with the good mould to about an inch from the top. Then put in the plants, one in each pot, pressing the mould firmly over the roots. Now stand them outside on a window-sill, and water them thoroughly. From that time they must never want for water, and as the dry and hot weather advances, a good watering with soapy water every other morning will be an advantage, giving plain water every alternate day, and every evening during the hot weather. Remember the soapy water must never touch the leaves.

Besides the small-leaved and giant musk, the spotted mimulus or "monkey plant," is another and a handsome variety, and makes fine showy plants if well attended. The flowers are large and are striped, and blotched with crimson, brown and scarlet on yellow, creamy, and strawberry-coloured grounds. They lack the sweet perfume of the smaller variety.

I do not allow my plants to flower until they are well established, and of a good size, but pick off all the buds as soon as they appear. This method makes the plants shoot out in all directions; and in a little time will be one mass of bloom.

All musks need training, and this must be attended to every day as soon as the plants make a start. The musk moschatus should have small green sticks, placed round the pot, having one taller in the centre. The way I train my giant musk is as follows:—I place tall sticks round one half of the pot. To these I tie the stems, moving the tyings higher as the plant grows, and if necessary, putting in higher sticks. The rest of the stems I allow to hang over the pot, which they will do to about 2 ft. While it is growing I pick off every dead leaf, and every leaf that crowds small stems and laterals, and every bud. I see to this every day, and then when the plant is large enough I let it flower. Last season one of my giant musks had at one time 200 blossoms; it was one mass of yellow, and the admiration of all. For hanging baskets, musks are admirably suited. Line a wire basket with moss, fill up with mould, in this plant a fern, and if the basket is a good-sized one, four small roots of musk, two giant and two "*Mimulus cupreus*" (a small scarlet variety, very pretty). Turn the baskets every week that the plants may grow equally.

Mimulus cupreus may be trained in the same way as that described for giant musk; it also looks and grows well on a rockery.

The spotted mimulus are trailing, but not so much so as the other varieties. The stems are very brittle, and must be handled with care. I buy small plants of these in pots, usually having one or two flowers, for 2½d. each in May. These I transplant into 5 in. pots; and pick off all the buds. I leave the flower until it fades, and then cut it off close to the main stem. As buds show I pick them off. You will notice that the centre stem grows much taller than the others, but if you wish it to grow nicely, you must stop it, by picking out the top, when it is about 18 ins. high, and train the other stems round it. Turn the plant constantly; and as it grows transplant it to larger pots, and do not let it flower until it is shapely, and a good size. Water copiously, and when each flower begins to wither, cut it off close to the stem.

In the autumn cut down the small-leaved and giant musk, and stand the pots in the coal-cellar; and in the following spring turn the mould out of the pot, divide the roots and repot in fresh soil. A friend of mine has kept a musk for seven years in this way. The spotted mimulus is an annual.

LOOSE BLOUSE OR GARIBALDI SHIRT.

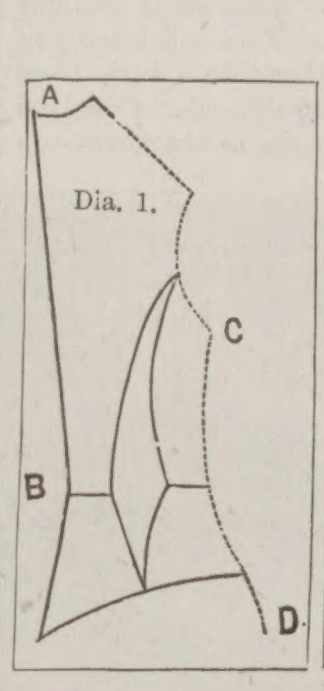
THOSE attentive readers who have followed my papers on the sensible use of paper patterns in the March and April numbers of the MOTHERS' COMPANION, will now, I hope, be enabled to follow my instructions for making a pretty and fashionable summer dress, which has the merit (no light one) of being easy to wash and get up. The easiest bodices are blouses or shirts, if they are simply made, and when they are of the thin soft pongee silk and *not too full*, they are becoming to young people of almost all styles. I have seen even stout clumsy girls of sixteen look well in them, and all mothers know how awkward such girls are to dress nicely. An unlined blouse is only another name for the extremely fashionable Garibaldi shirts, and of course they can be made of any material, flannel, flannelette, silk, print, or even plain white linen. Of silk or 22-inch wide material, 3½ yards are required, but with wider stuffs less may be used, as the sleeves may be got from the width, and so a saving in material effected.

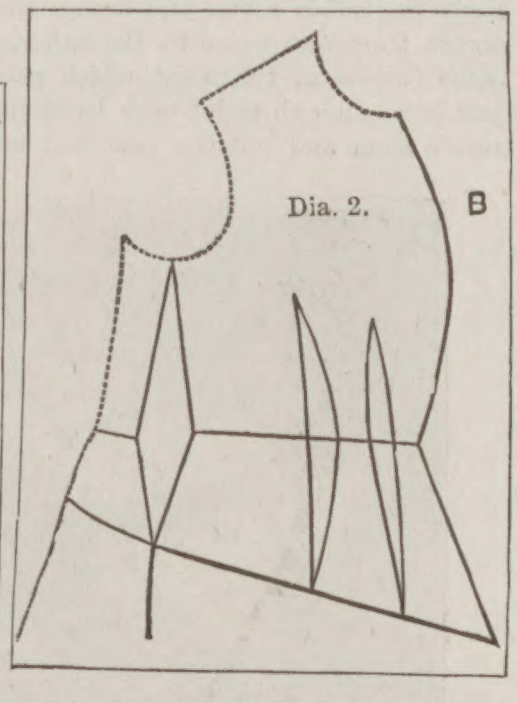
First get a pattern and check it to your own measures, according to my last instructions; you are then ready to cut out the blouse. Lay the back of the pattern on one end of the silk (allowing a little to show over the neck for turnings there) and from the waist measure down the length you want the blouse to be below your own waist.

Smart blouses are usually worn short; this year they are worn inside the skirt as often as they are worn outside, but of course that is a matter for your own decision. If it is

worn outside the skirt, five inches below the waist is long enough; if inside, it need be no longer than three inches below. Supposing you are cutting it for outside wear, you would allow two inches for a hem, in addition to the five, so you would measure seven inches down from the waist, and cut the silk straight across there. Fold the silk down its length, wrong side out (put the two selvedges together and pin them), and on it arrange the back and curved side-piece of the pattern. Look how I have put them on diagram 1. A (the top of the back seam) is quite close to the fold, B (the waist) is about two or three inches in, so that a little fulness is left there to be gathered. Lay the back on like this and pin it down. Next take the curved side-piece and put the top of it to the top of the back curve, and let the bottom of it touch the bottom of the back. Pin this on also, leaving the gap between at the waist. The curve is put to the back in this way so that, although the waist is left larger, the armhole retains its right size and shape, and the bottom edge of the blouse is not made too large. Now take a black-lead pencil and go round the outline of the neck, then down the shoulder, then round the armhole as far as C, then down the shape of the side seam from C to D, continuing the slope of the line to the bottom. Put a little mark across the waist, to show you where it comes, when you have removed the pattern. This pencilling has marked one side of the material only, and now the trouble is to mark the other exactly like it. The easiest plan is, of course, to use a tracing wheel, which pricks the outline through both thicknesses of material at once, but this must not be used if the blouse is not lined, so we must contrive to do it in another way. Take a needle and cotton, and with big stitches tack through all round the outline just described (the part to be marked is indicated on the diagram by dotted lines). Turn it over, and by the tacking lines lightly pencil the second side. Now cut up the shape of the lines from D to C, round the armhole, up the shoulder and round the neck, leaving half an inch for turnings outside the pencilled lines. *Don't* touch the line from A to B or interfere with the fold there in any way, or you will spoil the back. You can then unpin the paper pattern and remove it, also the tacking thread; the fitting lines will be nicely pencilled on the silk, and cannot be lost, unless you rub and finger it very much. Don't cut the bottom off to shape, if your paper pattern happens to be the shape of a pointed bodice; notice in the diagram how I have carried the line down to D, right to the bottom of the silk.

Next mark the front. Each front wants a width of silk, so lay the front pattern on the silk, and measure down from the waist to the length you want (it must be the same, as you have already made the back), not forgetting the turnings, and cut off the length of silk wanted; then lay that piece of silk face to face on the other, and cut off a second piece the same length, pin the selvedges together and on them lay the front and small side-piece as I show them on diagram 2. As I have laid it, the width of the pattern nearly fills the width of the silk, just leaving an inch at the edge for buttons and button-holes, or hooks and eyes if you prefer them; but in many cases, if the pattern is for a slight figure, or the material is wider, there is a margin left at the front which may be gathered at the neck and waist. This extra looseness over the bust is not particularly desirable for stout figures, or for the present fashionable Garabaldi "shirts." The latter are cut as diagram 2 shows, with just a little extra on the front edge for the fastenings. Pin the pattern on the silk with the armhole part of the small side-piece put to the front, and the gap at the waist, just as I have shown





it on the diagram, and pencil round the dotted lines, the neck, shoulder, armhole, and side seam, tacking through and pencilling the second piece exactly as I explained for the back. The lines that are not dotted need not be pencilled. Cut this out also by the pencilled lines, leaving half-inch turnings all round, but do not touch the fronts. Now proceed to make up the blouse. Join the side seams together, sewing exactly on the pencilled lines. Do the same with the shoulder seams. If it is silk or flimsy material, tack it together before machining it, and take care the tension is not tight enough either to cut it or drag it out of shape. Turn in a straight hem down the right-hand front for the button-holes, taking care not to make the bodice narrower than the widest part of the pattern as at B. You need not, however, turn the hem to the bowed shape of the pattern, a straight hem the shape of the straight line will serve. Hem also the other front for the buttons, and then hem the bottom, making the hem at least an inch deep. Just at the sides where the seams come the blouse will hang rather long, so you will need to shape it off a little there to make the bottom edge straight.

Draw up the surplus size of the waist on a running thread, and stitch it down on a piece of tape. At the back it should be in the centre of the back, and drawn up to about two inches wide; at the front it should be about two inches wide each side, and should be arranged at about two inches in from the front edge, to come just under the most prominent part of the figure. The belt will hide where the stuff is stitched to the tape.

The collar should be a straight strip of stuff about fourteen inches long, and three inches wide. This should be machined along one edge and the two ends, and then put on from the inside, so that it will throw over the blouse, the extra size of the blouse neck being fulled into it on each side of the front. There is a great knack in folding this collar over to make the shape; at the back, only half of it should be turned over, shaping it to the front, where the whole three inches is turned back: this makes it sit high and close to the neck behind, while still open in front.

For the sleeve, lay your sleeve pattern on the silk, with the two back seams put together from the top to the elbow. Pencil round the part that is togo into the armhole, and also down each of the lines for the inside seam, but do not touch the back seams at all. Cut out, with half an inch allowance for turnings, round the top or armhole part,

down the inside seams and across the wrist, going straight across from one wrist to the other. This will leave you some fulness at the wrist, which gather into a little band just large enough to let your hand slip through. Close the inside seam and put the pencilled marks of the sleeve-top into the pencilled marks of the blouse armhole. Worn inside the skirt with a belt, this is a smart "shirt;" worn outside the skirt, with a belt of its own material, it is a quiet, lady-like blouse, and it is fashionable either way.

E. J. DAVIES, Ladies Technical Classes.

Caves of Adelsburg—The Well.

AN EXCITING WALK.

BY GRACE STEBBING,

Author of "Widow Yates," "Winning an Empire," etc., etc.

NOT very many years ago the border-land between Italy and Austria was overspread with numerous little nest-like villages, that were by no means so safe for strangers as London, Paris, or New York, in spite of the superior innocence and peace of their appearance.

At the present day these little villages still remain, but a visit to them no longer holds out the additional allurement to daring tourists of possible positive danger.

They are as picturesque as ever, no doubt, but no longer so police-defying as at the time of which I am about to write. Assassinations amongst themselves, to satisfy a passing burst of passion, or fit of jealousy; or the assassination of strangers to satisfy greed, no longer need to be marked by the frequent roadside cross. And robberies and thefts have dwindled down almost entirely to the dishonesty of palming off clamorously, upon simple-minded travellers, manufactured curiosities and antiquities, when the supply of real ones fails.

But there—having given these few words of introduction, necessary both for explanation and for the credit of the territory of which I write, let me tell the tale of adventure, which still causes a thrill to those who call it back to memory.

A pair of lady travellers, both young and eager, and bent upon seeing everything beautiful, worthy or wonderful, in nature or art, that fell in the way of their travels. Sometimes the accounts of other tourists, or an extra fit of curiosity, would lead them out of their way in the pursuit of the picturesque or marvellous. So it was in the early, flowery springtime, when they were leisurely wending their way back to England, *viâ* Vienna, from Italy.

"Don't fail to see the wonderful caves, after you leave Trieste," said three spirited old Scotch ladies, who, having begun their travelling days late in life, were working away at the business with a tough resolve and will that few younger folks could emulate. They did their best to arouse others to the same diligence.

"Ah! to be sure; mind you do!" echoed two of the cheery, bright-eyed old sisters, after the first had spoken.

And the two friends raised their heads in quick inquiry from the "Murray" and "Baedeker," over which they had been respectively bent, eyes sparkling with hopeful anticipation, and lips running over with questions.

"Oh! What? Where? And what to be seen if we do visit them?"

The answers were almost equally rapid.

"What to be seen! Why stalactites and stalagmites upon a gigantic scale, and of an endless variety that threw their own caves of Staffa, they must confess, altogether into the shade. There were pillars, and columns, and curtains, and lace-work, and sculpture, and pulpits, and balconies, and chandeliers, and the coolest and cleanest of larders, full of stone food, fit for the teeth and stomachs of the stone giants who might be the supposed dwellers in that most wonderful and magnificent abode. Long strings and loops of most wholesome and eatable-looking brown sausages, sides of 'streaky, mild-cured breakfast bacon,' with the pinkest of pink lean, and the whitest of fat. Great loaves, and joints of beef, well floured legs of mutton, and great sacks full of —well, of flour, some, perhaps, white as the driven snow, but evidently some had vegetables for contents, potatoes, onions, turnips, and, no doubt, also apples and pears. And pots and caldrons were not wanting to cook them in."

"Neither," put in one of the sisters, taking a fresh breath, "neither is the water wanting to boil them with. Real water," she added, in a deeper, half-hushed tone. "A pitch-dark, roaring, rushing stream, with eyeless fish in it, that burrows through the night-black heart of the hills, a distance of nine miles."

It is scarcely needful to say that by this time the two listeners were quite decided that—yes, they certainly should like to see all these marvels, as well as hear of them. So, naturally, the further questions came, Where were the caves? How to get to them? What accommodation was there in their neighbourhood for travellers?

The replies were all forthcoming; clear and simple, and satisfactory. The caves were in Austrian territory, just within the confines of that country. A single branch line of railway took travellers to the tiny, but picturesque forest-bordered town, within about a mile of the caves. And on the outer edge of the town there had just been built and opened an exceedingly fine new hotel, in Swiss ownership, and under Swiss management.

Caves of Adelsburg—The Dome.

"Good guarantees," said one of the hearers, contentedly, "for its comfort and cleanliness."

"Yes," was the welcome assurance, "and exceeding civility and pleasantness besides. And still more," she added, "they speak English there as well as any of us, ourselves."

That last piece of information did not strike one of the pair of friends as so satisfactory as the foregoing, and she rather hastily broke in—

"Oh, but that is really a disadvantage, I think. Native hotels are more interesting; are there none in the place?"

The three dear old sisters exchanged looks with each other, that seemed to have some tinge of anxiety in them.

"Yes," answered one of them, more slowly. "Yes, my dear, there are certainly several in the town. The first time we visited the place we put up at one of them, for the Swiss hotel was not then built. But, you see, you two are alone, whereas we had a courier with us, a very clever, capable man, and such a very fine, powerful one, too."

"And of course he understood the sort of double-Dutch jargon that is always spoken in border-land places," said the more prudent of the two. "We will certainly go to the Swiss hotel."

And so, in due time, they did. Or rather, somewhat out of due time, for there is as much a special season for this place as there is for a favourite American or English watering place, and the two young Englishwomen's eagerness hurried them there some days in advance of the time when everywhere around, within and without the caves, high festival has been held ever since the rediscovery of their long-lost opening.

Meanwhile the pair of friends had the whole vast building and its spacious grounds to themselves.

It was a somewhat peculiar experience. It was shortly to be borne in upon them as still more peculiar, as you will perceive.

For one of the friends, at any rate, the slight feeling of weirdness enhanced the impression made by the unusual character of the views around. These also they had all to themselves. The clever young clerk and superintendent, and their company of domestics, were much too busy preparing for the expected great influx of visitors to have eyes or thoughts to spare for wanderings out of doors.

But, oh! the magic of those views. So un-English, so unlike anything seen before. The low-lying hills of a living, vivid, breathing purple. Yes, breathing; for did not the wonderful, soft, and rich-hued colouring move, and float, and heave beneath the eyes' rapt gaze! And the rich, deep green of the grass and the trees, and the dazzling, brilliant, white terraced roads, cut along the sides of the hills; and the wonderful vaulted sky, that seemed to have risen lately so far, so very far away. And the mysterious black hole yonder, so small and insignificant in itself, but the gateway to white marble halls of a glory, a majesty, an extent, and a magnificence that not the proudest and mightiest potentate on earth could ever emulate.

And then, even while the new comer gazed and gazed, and pondered, and listened to the wood-saw down below, and the little rushing mill-stream by which it worked, a rose veil was gradually, imperceptibly unfolded, fluttering softly over the whole scene—floating, waving, rising, falling. The sun was setting, and waving his rosy veil by way of that day's good-night.

But look then, if the purple is turned to rose, or overborne by the glowing halo, there is still visible a colour contrast to delight the eyes. Up from the midst of the bosom of yonder trees, up into the sweet evening air, there rises first one tiny, fairy, fine thread of blue vapour, then another, and another, and another—threads and fans and weaving wreaths.

The whole region seemed one strange, sweet, solemn mystery. Hidden within the endless night of these soft-rounded, quiet hills, those matchless and majestic marble halls! Hidden within that group of noble trees, shut in as though alone with themselves, away from the world and its troubles, triumphs, trials, and struggles, a group of little peaceful human nests!

The preacher says, "God hath made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions."

Here, at least, it might seem that pristine innocence and integrity might be sought and found. And the thoughts and expectations that had hitherto been devoted to the caves, were now divided, and the larger share was given to the utterly hidden human nests, lying deep within their leafy bower.

Just a beginning glimpse had been snatched of the caves, within an hour of arrival in their neighbourhood. But of the minute village, lying out there below the hills, not an atom of a view had been obtained, not an atom of a suspicion entertained, until the blue threads of smoke betrayed its existence; and so the unseen village now came in for first interest.

"The first thing after breakfast, to-morrow, we will set out and walk to that dear little village," decided the enchanted traveller, as she tore herself from her window at last, and went to bed, and with one swift and self-same bound into sleep and fairyland.

The earliest awaking thought the following morning was, "The first thing after breakfast we will walk to where I saw that blue smoke rising."

But the thinker reckoned literally without her host. Whilst the friends were still discussing their coffee, eggs, and honey, their host came to their table and made a speech that, although short, was most emphatic and unexpected.

"The new army recruits for all that neighbourhood, far around, were being gathered in for the year. Until the whole enlistment was accomplished, the rough and irritated lads were allowed a good deal of license. Seeing which, he had to beg the ladies to keep themselves entirely to the hotel and the hotel grounds for the next three days."

"The "beg" sounded uncommonly like "I insist." But even so, the ladies owed hearty thanks for the courteous care for their comfort and safety from annoyance. Readers, however, will easily understand how difficult it was for one of the pair, at any rate, to give her thanks for the well-meant admonition, graciously.

To be in a perfectly new, unknown country, one seamed through and through with unknown beauties and wonders, and then to be told, within a few hours of arrival there, that one must consider oneself for three days a prisoner!

It was hard—terribly!

But as the two ladies sat in the front verandah that afternoon, sipping coffee and bemoaning their prisonship, they were compelled most fully to admit its wisdom. On and on throughout the day, and throughout the next besides, and great part of the one following, backwards and forwards went crowds of—what? Well, the wildest of untamed ourang-outangs, one of the startled observers said, yelling, shrieking, dancing, leaping mobs. No, indeed, it would not have been pleasant to have been caught in their midst, it being doubtful whether the disadvantage of not being able to make one's own words understood, or the advantage of not understanding a single one of the others spoken, would be the greater.

But everything comes to an end; even the gathering together of a wide and scattered district's recruits.

"They are all off," said the very civil and intelligent head-waiter, with a deep sigh of relief, as he served the five o'clock dinner in the comfortable little room devoted to the ladies' use while they were solitary in the big hotel.

His sigh was echoed with interest. The vision of the never-seen, but vividly pictured small human nests, set in their great tree bower, rose in the mind of one of his hearers, and for once in her life she ate her dinner as fast as the generality of mankind.

No sooner was the meal over, than she darted to her companion's side, half wild with hope and eagerness.

"Now, Francis, come, quick! Let's get our hats instantly, and—"

She stopped there a moment. Her friend was not so fond of long walks as herself, and the clump of trees was a good way off. She must be prudent.

"You know that tempting-looking, exquisitely clean road at the back here, winding along the side of the hills, and crossing the river."

"Why, of course. You have dilated upon it often enough, I am sure, let alone that we went along it to the caves, and that we cannot look out of our windows without seeing it. What of it?"

"Why, let us make instant use of our freedom to take a stroll along it this exquisite evening. I know you will not care to go into the town till it has had a night over its head in which to settle down again into quietude and orderliness, but out along that quiet road the spirit of peace has reigned even at the height of the turmoil."

The other shook her head dubiously.

"We have not been told yet that we are free to go out."

The more eager of the pair found it hard to maintain her prudent quietude, as she replied—

"No, but we have been told that the recruits are gone. And their presence was the only reason for our staying in."

It would have been more correct to say "the only reason *given*," but that she did not know; and after a little more coaxing and persuasion her point was gained. And five minutes later they ran out on to the terrace at the back of the hotel, down the broad flight of steps, and down the long garden to the gate which led out to that hill-side road.

Even had they been seen by any of the hotel people, it would have only been supposed that they were going for one of their usual saunters of the past three days, up and down the garden paths. But as a fact they—escaped—unobserved, and soon one pair of feet at least found it hard to help dancing, as they found themselves at last fairly out upon that bright road, set like a shining white ribbon in the midst of the soft, rich green.

But, oh-h, take care! Yes, take care, indeed.

One of the pair was just about to step upon that long, brown, dead-looking twig lying across the path, and now, behold, with a fierce hiss it has half lifted itself, and then swiftly glided away in amongst the thick undergrowth. It was one of a specially poisonous species.

"But there—never mind. We have very thick boots on, and we can take care to avoid all imitation twigs. Do let's get on to that clump of trees yonder in the hollow. There must be the most delicious, out-of-the-world little village in the midst of it ever seen."

"And one of the dampest and gloomiest ever seen in the autumn, also, I should think," was the retort.

"Humph-h, perhaps. But," cheerfully again, "This exquisite spring weather is not autumn, so do come on."

"It's a long way."

"Oh, no, not very. And we want a walk."

"Some one else seems to want that, too," was the half-laughing reply, as the sound of rapid feet was heard behind.

Queerly enough, no sooner had the new comer turned the angle of the road, and thus come within view of the ladies, than he dropped into a saunter. The one of the pair who had proposed the walk, noticed the circumstance instantly with surprise. But there were too many other things to be noticed to dwell upon it long. Such a number of little crosses dotted about, and even one or two little lonely wayside chapels.

They paused at those, and—so did that man, just behind them. But well, what of that. Of course his faith bade him. But the same explanation would not serve when the ladies sat down on the parapet of the small bridge for a few minutes, looking down into the swift flowing, sparkling little rivulet, and—that man forthwith did the same.

The one who was noting all this began to feel rather creepy. But still, she *must* see that dear, delightful little human nest of peace and innocence.

The pair walked on, so did the man.

The words of one of the three old Scotch ladies came back to mind, "We had a courier with us, a very clever, capable man; and such a very fine, powerful one, too."

The thinker rather hankered after that very fine, powerful courier. The fact that the man walking now behind them, now before them, but always close by, was also a very fine, powerful man, did not make the wish for that courier the weaker.

The eagerness to reach the village grew still stronger now, coupled with a private resolve to single out one, or perhaps a couple, of its sturdy, honest, innocent inhabitants to accompany them back to the hotel. For there was now neither human home nor human creature in sight to appeal to, if—if——

"Come along, Francis. Let's hurry on now to the village, shan't we?"

"All right, I was only looking to see wherever the cottage can be hidden away, of that man who has come so far on with us. It is evidently somewhere about, for he hastened quite eagerly up that narrow path just now."

The other looked round with glad surprise. In the deepening gravity of her thoughts, she had not noticed the man's disappearance. She had begun to reproach herself so bitterly for bringing her friend into possible danger, that the relief was intense when she suddenly believed all her fears were foolish. She could enjoy the walk once more.

"Look! What a dreary, dilapidated old ruin of a church. Do let's go inside the gate, Francis, and walk round."

No sooner spoken of than done. When they entered, solitary roads, solitary churchyard, solitude as far as their eyes could see. When they returned from their few moments' tour round the church, there, inside the churchyard, inside, between them and the gate, a dozen or so of great, dark-browed, swarthy beggars, all with fragments of stalactites, or ugly-looking jagged bits of stones in their hands, for sale, or to back up their clamourous demands for money!

Nervously two or three fragments were bought, and then, with the true declaration that they had only brought those few copper coins out with them, the ladies tried to escape. But their assurance was not believed.

The mystery of where the unseen men had risen from thus suddenly made the unpleasantness of the situation the greater. There might be dozens more close by, equally clamorous in speech and fierce in look, in that apparent, but most deceptive "solitude."

But, while these thoughts darted through the brain, suddenly, almost as suddenly as they had appeared, the sturdy beggars slunk away, and the ladies were free to escape. Only one man remained in the churchyard, a man sitting upon a narrow stone bench just inside the gate, perfectly silent and motionless, his eyes looking straight before him.

One of the pair of friends felt more "creepy" than ever, when she recognised the man who had been following them nearly all the way from the hotel. The idea flashed into her mind—

"Is he the captain of the gang, and doesn't choose to share this prey?"

But they were near the village now, and they would pick out two good fellows to be more than a match for him, to conduct them back.

They were near the village, indeed. A short curve downwards of the road, and they seemed suddenly to have plunged out of the evening sunlight into night.

The human nests were truly embowered in trees. They

were literally built in and out of an uncleared bit of forest. But they looked anything but sweet, fair nests, abodes of innocence and honesty. Black outside and in with age and smoke, and unheeded dirt. Two-legged animals and four-legged, wingless and winged, all herded together in the one room of which a cottage consisted, and all half illumined by the great sombre glowing wood-fires, over which hung, simmering, huge caldrons most fitting for the witches of Macbeth, or for the withered, yellow, lank-haired, wild-looking old crones who tended them. Lying, or lounging about, were a number of ragged, scowling men, and two or three naked children, running in and out between the trunks of the trees, helped to enhance the general barbaric effect of the strange scene.

"Are we in Europe, Francis?" asked a voice in a half-whisper.

"Plenty of out of the way corners like this in the world," was the rather brusque answer. "'And distance lends enchantment to the view.' But it's horribly chill and dark, and," in a lower tone, "we are getting regularly hemmed in again by those cut-throat looking gentry. I wish I had not let you persuade me into coming."

"So do I," was the most earnest answer. "But look," she added with a half shiver, "we can get away easily enough now. There is someone these people seem as afraid of, as we are of them."

"Aye," answered Francis, "and I am half afraid of him, too."

A half hysterical giggle accompanied the words—"I should think so. So am I. How I wish we were back at the hotel!"

Now that she saw indisputably that no guides or desirable companions were to be obtained for the almost twilight walk back, her courage had sunk below her companion's, and naturally, for her urgency was the cause of her companion's present position.

When at length the big hotel once more came in sight, one of the heartiest thanksgivings she had ever breathed arose in her heart. The man, who had not been visible for the past minute or two, at this instant reappeared close beside them, and, raising his green-banded cap, he said gravely—

"Guten abend, ladies. You are now safe."

And with that he passed on with long strides, and finally disappeared. Soon after the two friends were within the hotel grounds, and as they approached the handsome stone steps they were greeted by the whole present staff of the establishment—and that man!—with a welcome that was almost as indignant as glad.

"Ladies," said the two principals in chorus, "if you intend to seek adventures in this reckless fashion, we must beg you to seek accommodation elsewhere. We can not and will not bear the responsibility of you."

"We only went to see the little village in the trees," said a voice in meek apology.

"Only!" ejaculated another voice. "And pray, mademoiselle, did you note the numerous wayside crosses, marking the sites of assassinations, between here and the village? It is doubtless well for you, or at the least for your watches and rings, that the Emperor's huntsman saw you go out of our gate, and had the good thought to accompany you."

From the depths of the travellers' hearts that night, fervent thanksgivings arose that the good-hearted, honest fellow had been thus led to act for their protection from dangers so ignorantly incurred. Subsequent acquaintance proved him to be as intelligent as he was philanthropic.

In conclusion, as "the Caves" have been so often alluded to in the foregoing pages, such of our readers as have never yet visited them, may be glad to hear that these far-famed caves of Adelsberg, are to the full as wonderful as the old Scotch ladies declared, and repay a good deal of fatigue and expense in travelling to see them.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA.

BY MRS. SCHARLIEB, M.D., B.SC.

I HOPE that my sketch of a lady doctor's day in India, published in the March number of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION, may have excited a wish in some sympathetic souls to devote their best energies to helping the sick and sorrowful in the sunny east. To them I would now address a few words as to the best means of preparing themselves for what must be trying and anxious work at the best. There are two points to which I would like to draw attention.

First, the very urgent need that exists for an abundant supply of women doctors in India. The Mahommedan and Hindoo women, who are precluded by the restraints of their religion or caste from availing themselves of the friendly offices of the medical man, are dying in thousands annually for the want of the help that their sisters alone can give them. Surely English women, whose modesty is inherent, and who are tenderly regardful of the delicate bloom of womanly reticence, should be keenly alive to kindred feelings in other women. They must readily understand how distasteful the services of even the most pure and refined of men must be to a woman who never looks on the face of any man save her father, her husband, and her husband's brothers. To her unaccustomed mind the proposal that she should be treated by a man is an insult, and she will die rather than submit.

Secondly, I would impress on my readers that nothing less than the fullest qualification and the best training will suffice for the medical woman who means to practise in India. The diseases for which she will be consulted are formidable in their nature and rapid in their course. The evolution of cholera, dysentery, and fever leaves little time for reflection. The physician must be prepared to act promptly and efficiently. Again, her aid is sure to be eagerly sought in those trying cases where the lives of mother and infant depend absolutely on her knowledge and courage. Unless thoroughly trained in the science and art of midwifery, the lady doctor had better not offer herself for work in India.

Lastly, from the very nature of things, she has to act alone. I always found my medical brethren in India as courteous and considerate as are our best consultants here, but of what avail is their readiness to help if the patient will not permit their presence in her room? The relatively few medical women at present working in India are "scattered far and wide by mountain, stream, and sea." Most of them have no medical sister within two or three days' journey. Never, except in the case of chronic disease or expected operation, is consultation or joint action possible. It is this isolation which renders the woman doctor's life so trying and her responsibility so heavy. I know it well, for

Hindoo Women.

I worked alone for two years, and had to abandon many operations because I had no one to give an anæsthetic nor to help me in the necessary manipulations.

Let me now point out how the necessary training may be obtained.

There are schools of medicine for women in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. At any one of these full and satisfactory training may be secured. Let me first give a few details as to the London School of Medicine for Women. It is a fine old house, in a delightful garden, within a few minutes' walk of St. Pancras, Euston, and King's Cross. Can it be believed? Perhaps scarcely, but any one can find 30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, and that is the address of our school. Ample information may be obtained at the school from the ever-courteous and kind-hearted secretary, but meanwhile the facts are briefly as follows:—

A full curriculum of medical studies can be secured here. The teaching is excellent, and the school possesses a valuable library and museum. The clinical instruction is given at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, within a few minutes' walk of the school. Here the lady students hold dresserships and clerkships, and can obtain an excellent practical knowledge of general disease. For special instruction in midwifery the students are received at the British Lying-in Hospital, in Endell Street; at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Marylebone Road; and, best of all, by Dr. Annie McCall,

who has a large midwifery practice among the poor at Clapham, and receives lady pupils to train in this most essential branch of their work. The equally necessary training in women's diseases can be had at the Royal Free Hospital, and also at the New Hospital for Women in Marylebone Road. The great charm here, as in the maternity at Clapham, is that all the staff are ladies, and the students are encouraged to take a full share in the practical details of the work. The out-patient department is open daily, and some hundred or more women receive attention from the out-patient physicians and their attendant students. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Mrs. Marshall, and Mrs. de la Chevois share the beds and treat the in-patients, while I and my colleagues, Miss Cock and Miss Walker, are in charge of the out-patient department.

The question of expense is in many cases serious, and is always important. The minimum fees for lectures at the school and the clinical instruction at the Royal Free Hospital amount to £105. Beyond this there are fees for instruction in midwifery, at the Fever Hospital, and for instruction in vaccination, amounting to some £10 or £20 more. Then the fees payable to the licensing bodies must be taken into account. Thus the London University from matriculation to Bachelor of Medicine demands £17. The licence of the Scotch colleges costs £26 5s., the corresponding Irish diploma £42, and the degree of M.B. at the Royal University of Ireland £6. Some time ago, in writing on this subject for *The Queen*, I attempted to give some idea as to the total cost to be reckoned with, including all necessary outlay for food, clothes, books, etc. This I will not at present repeat, for, after all, students spend so very differently, and what one regards as an absolute necessity another considers as useless luxury.

In conclusion, I would very earnestly entreat all would-be doctors to devote to their preparation all the time, money, and head work which are necessary. I would implore them not to be satisfied with any curtailed curriculum or partial qualification (whatever that may mean). They must remember that they are undertaking a great responsibility —heavy to the best prepared, but terrible to those who attempt it unprepared. No one should fancy that an enthusiasm for a good cause, a devoted sense of their neighbours' needs, or the most earnest desire to do good, can compensate for lack of knowledge.

> "Love has no spell can scorching winds forbid,
> Nor bring the help that tarries near at hand,
> Nor show the secret waters that lie hid
> In arid valleys of that desert land,
> Nor spread a cloud to curtain faded eyes
> Which gaze up dying into alien skies."

The impotence of love thus pathetically bewailed by Miss Ingelow is one of the most serious reflections that await the young practitioner. In the face of grave emergency or dangerous illness the only comfort is adequate knowledge and ready skill; without them, growing enthusiasm and the most ardent desire to render aid are powerless, and, be it remembered, the only time in which to lay the necessary foundation is that passed as a student. It is only those who carefully sow the seeds of knowledge who may legitimately hope for a happy and successful career.

A KISS AND A SMILE.

SEND the children to bed with a kiss and a smile—
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but awhile,
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light—
And maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again,
And motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite—
Their spirits may slip from their moorings to-night.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

"SOMETHING TO DO."

I THINK there are very few among us who have not been occasionally perplexed how best to reply to our children's inquiries after something to do.

A wet day in London, albeit the schoolroom is amply supplied with books and the nurseries with toys; a foggy, miserable expanse of time in the country, where the amusements belong more strictly to out of doors, and where books and toys are perhaps not so plentiful, have often enough taxed the resources of the most imaginative parent, and have not unseldom ended in a riot, and in tears and quarrellings, that are more than trying to the lookers-on, and which would never have occurred had we been able to satisfactorily fill up the hours that then felt so interminable, and that would be welcomed, oh! so gladly, when we are getting old, and would add them joyfully, if we only could, to our rapidly ending amount of time.

Meditating over the fire in winter, or under the big tree on the lawn in summer, in the few moments we allow ourselves every day of our busy life, we wonder if we ought always to have been able to find something to do for everyone who asked us for it, if we ought never to be idle a moment ourselves. We are doing nothing now; our hands are folded, cramped from our day's work. Our fingers could not do anything, even if we wished it. Our brain is fatigued, and we can only think, only wonder, if we ought ever to waste any moment of the time that is so precious, and that rushes along so swiftly now that we are old, alas! before we realised that we were young and strong. After all, the long, long child's day is very like our whole short life. Some have a stormy day as their portion, when all the energy goes, so it seems to them, in hourly battling with the tempest, and keeping it out of their homes. Some have a dreary, damp day, when life is not bad, but when it is not good, and when "something to do" is as necessary as the food we eat and the air we breathe; but as action is not absolutely forced upon the owners of this special kind of life, they are apt to end their days, like the children, in a state of open revolt at a fate they could have conquered had they only set about it early enough in the miserable morning; while others, fortunate beings as they are, have happy days of sunshine and beautiful weather, so full of happiness and occupation that every instant flies on golden wings, and the owners of such blessed days lie down to rest at the end with a smile on their lips, looking forward to more sunshine, more occupation, beyond the night's mysterious veil of shadows men call death. Sitting here, thinking over this problem, we unhesitatingly come to the conclusion that that life is happiest which has the most to do, not for itself, but for other people.

The child who boldly seizes the wet day as a proud possession to be made the most of, is undoubtedly the happiest child in the house. She—it is very seldom that it is he—remembers all sorts of odds and ends to sort; recollects the accumulation of Christmas cards that will make excellent scrap-books for some children's hospital; and recollects, too, that paste and brown holland are favourites of one of the boys, and sets him to work even while working herself; then she has a book saved up for the occasion, a piece of work, or a difficult passage of music practising to get over, and she arrives at the end of her task, to find the sun shining, metaphorically if not really, and is astonished that the day which appeared to stretch out before her in an unending plain of chillness when she rose in the morning, is over and done with before she had realised that it had begun.

A busy mother of a family understands emphatically the meaning of "something to do." Of course her hands, head, and heart can never be really idle, or empty of thoughts, plans, and fears for one moment, but not only has she to find her own occupation, though that generally finds her, but to discover work or play for all the rest of her household.

The maids must have something to do, and must really do it, not scamp it; must not be slaves, but must never be idle, or there will be mischief below stairs. "Too many servants" are often at the bottom of much of the trouble so many housewives appear to have in their domestic arrangements, and the best managed household is that undoubtedly where the work is delicately balanced between all employed, and where there are regular hours set aside for relaxation, the relaxation itself being regulated in some measure by the mistress, too.

There would—let us be bold in our statement—there really would be no time to go wrong, were all the world of children taught as soon as they can speak that it is absolutely imperative that they should always have an occupation.

Satan (according to the hymn of our childhood, which we are still so much behind the times as to revere) has no power over busy hands, and does not feel bound to interfere unless he sees the fingers lying idle and the brain refusing to work; but then he steps in quickly and without further delay asserts his power over those who are unpossessed of the sovereign charm which renders his wiles powerless to harm.

Absurd as it may sound, the smallest child in a well-regulated household should never be allowed to sit and do nothing. It can play with a doll; it can look at a book; it can tear paper, judiciously administered to it, for pillows for the sick, or bags to be sold for some charity; it can thread daisies, even pick cowslip-heads for wine or old-world puddings. It matters not what, business or pleasure, but anyhow it must do something, anything that will accustom the mite to occupation, and that will prevent it from acquiring the terrible habit of lounging about, doing absolutely and entirely nothing, and becoming crosser and crosser, more and more irritable as each heavy, unemployed moment lags slowly and heavily on its way, and which said habit is one of the very worst habits any human being can acquire. Once acquired, too, it is astonishing how difficult it is to break anyone of—indeed, we much doubt if ever it can be broken; and nothing seems to us more impossible to bear than the company of those whose hands are folded, and who sit doing nothing but talk, talk, talk, generally on the most uninteresting of subjects, themselves, or, worse still, wait and watch, like a cat watches for a mouse, those who are occupied, springing their mine of feeble chatter on them the moment the lagging pen stops, or the etching needle or the book is laid down for a moment and the worker rests for a second, or rather would rest, were not the idler waiting to pounce, seizing immediately the opportunity thus sparsely given him.

The more the subject comes before us, the more we realise that we should so regulate the people round us, insensibly may be, but not the less forcibly, that they never are driven to suggest we should find them something to do; and looking back we discover that our hatred of this cry came from recollecting a certain large family of boys, who never could find their own occupation, and in consequence drove the busier members of the family crazy with their parrot-cry. The girls in that family never uttered it, poor things! They had always "something to do" when the boys were at home, at any rate. Aye, and afterwards, too, in renovating the things they had ruined, and in repairing the breaches they had made in the schoolroom and bedroom belongings of the entire establishment. The sun is beginning to sink behind the red house at the end of the garden; the rooks are flapping steadily home across a saffron sky; dark, mysterious shadows lurk under the trees on the lawn; we hear the voices of the children calling to each other, as they return from a vigorous game of tennis on a neighbour's lawn, and, as we respond to the shout for mother that is always raised the instant they come within their own gates, we smile to ourselves, as we lift our lazy bones from the snug, luxurious chair we sit in so seldom, as we realise that at all events we individually should not know what had happened if we found ourselves lacking occupation. And as we look at the children, for whom the days are never too long, and who are always busy at work or play, we are quite sure that we cannot do better than hand on our panacea for all ills, and take care, as far as in us lies, that they, like ourselves, are always blessed with something or other they are in a measure obliged to do.

J. E. Panton.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

JULY is frequently the hottest month in the year, though it is diversified by showers for which St. Swithin is generally supposed to be responsible, but which just swell the corn and fill out the fruit before the ripening process sets in. Little children feel the intense heat very much, not the babies, who are accustomed to warm quarters and have very little warmth in themselves, but those who can run about, and it may be said up to eight or ten years old. We therefore give this month an idea of pretty frocks for them; the first a flannelette, made with about four yards of the striped and one of the plain material, the latter only used for the revers, cuffs and waistband. There must be a tuck in the skirt if the frock is to be useful after washing, and if one of the little jersey vests sold for sailor suits is worn, the little one only requires in hot weather a pair of drawers, and its stockings and shoes under a frock of this material, and is nevertheless protected from chill. This is one way of making a child cool, and another is to retain all the ordinary petticoats, etc., and have a thin muslin frock, such as is shown in the attire of the second child. This may be white or coloured, and two or three tucks improve the appearance of the skirt immensely. The skirt is gathered into the waist, muslins and cottons do not get up well if pleated, and there are also gathers at the neck, and the sleeves consist of two puffs. Five yards of muslin would make it up charmingly if a wide width were chosen, and embroidery in these days is very inexpensive. The little hat is made of piqué, and both hats and bonnets for children are made this year with drawing strings, so that they can be ironed flat and drawn up again into shape, and with the use of a sewing machine and a good pattern, several can be made at home at very moderate expense.

With the muslin dresses, and indeed with most others, now that steels and cushions are discarded, it is desirable to wear some kind of frilled petticoat, either in alpaca or thin longcloth. Whatever the material is, it must have a front gore sloped on both sides, two side gores, and a plain half width behind. This half width must have a succession of frills about three inches wide, put on up as far as the waist. If of longcloth, they should be drawn up and sewn on with a cord so as to gather, and the bottom frill going round the whole petticoat can be of embroidery if wished. If the petticoat be made of alpaca or mohair, each frill should be lined with a stiffish muslin, and they should be put on in small box pleats.

Swiss muslin dresses, embroidered, are extremely cheap this season, and it is really wisest to buy them with the skirts ready made and material for bodice. With care they will last during the hot weather of at least two summers.

Black lace cloaks and mantles are fashionable, and are just what elderly people, who do not like to go out without some kind of shoulder covering, require. Fashion dictates their use by the young, but those who are still youthful, will soon discover that they look old.

A new and beautiful process of water-proofing has been introduced called the Cravenette, which as applied to textile fabrics renders every fibre non-absorbent, while the air cells remain between those fibres which permits of ventilation. The material looks more like a shot-silk than anything else, or like a very fine twill, and wetting does not alter its nice appearance. There is no preparation or coating to crack or wear off in this kind of waterproof, and as it is very light in weight, these are two arguments in its favour for summer wear. A useful cloak can be easily made up in it; and there is also a new shape called the Russian, which is smocked at neck and waist, and when made up in shot-brown or dark-red, it is a nice garment that a lady can wear at any time. Many of us cannot wear kid or suéde gloves in hot weather, and this season the silk ones made in all tints are remarkably cheap. Even the most delicate greens and greys can be matched in them, as well as the more ordinary colours. Care should be taken in buying stockings, which are also cheap, to select dyes that are *sanitary* and harmless, and they are made by all the best firms.

Ribbons are very inexpensive this year, and judiciously used, they add much to the nattiness and little to the price of a garment, and may be used with very pleasant effect in making up muslins as well as delaines. Satin is the favourite, because it looks brightest and wears best, and any remnants are admirably adapted to the modern style of fancy work. We cannot conclude this little mention of hot weather garments without a word about the Irish flax-tussores, which are of pure linen, and consequently always feel cool to the touch. They are made in many artistic shades, and many of them are embroidered with flax threads in a manner that makes them quite handsome.

Patterns of the children's frocks may be had by enclosing 8½*d. in stamps, and of the Russian waterproof by enclosing* 1*s.* 0½d. *to M.C., at the office of the Mothers' Companion.*